

LEARN ONE THING
EVERY DAY

SEPTEMBER 15 1919

SERIAL NO. 187

THE MENTOR

The
St. Lawrence River

By RUTH KEDZIE WOOD
Author and Traveler

DEPARTMENT OF
HISTORY AND TRAVEL

VOLUME 7
NUMBER 15

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The River Road from Quebec to Montmorency



HERE, Ma'am," said the driver, rising from his seat and facing round, while he pointed with his whip towards Quebec, "that's what we call the Silver City." They looked back with him at the city, whose thousands of tinned roofs, rising one above the other from the water's edge to the citadel, were all a splendor of argent light in the afternoon sun. It was indeed as if some magic had clothed that huge rock, base and steepy flank and crest, with a silver city.



There is a continuous village (Beauport) along the St. Lawrence from Quebec, almost to Montmorency. . . . As for the little houses, open-doored beside the way, they were miracles of picturesqueness and cleanliness. From each, the owner's slim domain runs back to hill or river in well-defined lines, and beside the cottage is a garden of pot-herbs, bordered with a flame of bright autumn flowers; there is a cheerfulness of poultry about the barns; I dare be sworn there is always a small girl driving a flock of decorous ducks down the middle of the street, and of the priest with a book under his arm, passing a wayside shrine, what possible doubt?



The village, stretching along the broad intervalle of the St. Lawrence, grows sparser as you draw near the Falls of Montmorency, and presently you drive past the grove shutting from the road the country-house in which the Duke of Kent spent some merry days of his jovial youth. . . . The lofty bluff was scooped inward from the St. Lawrence in a vast irregular semi-circle. From the central brink of the gloomy purple chasms the foamy cataract launched itself. . . . It is a mystery that anything so grand should be so lovely, that anything so tenderly fair should yet be so large that one glance fails to comprehend it all. Our tourists sank down upon the turf that crept with its white clover to the edge of the precipice, and gazed dreamily upon the fall, filling their vision with its exquisite color and form.

From "Their Wedding Journey," by William Dean Howells.

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SEPTEMBER 15, 1919

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The St. Lawrence River

By RUTH KEDZIE WOOD

Author and Traveler

MENTOR
GRAVURES

PERCÉ VILLAGE
AND ROCK

QUEBEC ON THE
RIVER
ST. LAWRENCE

RUNNING THE
LONG SAULT RAPIDS

MENTOR
GRAVURES

AMONG THE
THOUSAND ISLANDS

CAPES TRINITY
AND ETERNITY

VIEW ON THE
LOWER
ST. LAWRENCE



CARTIER'S SHIPS IN THE ST. LAWRENCE, 1535

From a painting



*C*CAN think of no picture more stimulating to the imagination than that of a mighty river awaiting through the long-drawn years the prow of its discoverer. For centuries, with rush and swirl and onward flow, the Great River of Canada furrowed an ever widening course, and on the rippled mirror of its face stars and sun shone from out a sky brooding on savage solitude. Then, unheralded, upon a day ever after to be red-lettered in history, a sail gleamed at the river-gate, there was the stir of cleft water, the wheel of startled birds, a sailor's cry—anchorage, dedication. A new river was bestowed on men and nations!

The stories of three sovereign rivers of North America—the Hudson, the Columbia and the Mississippi—have already been told in *The Mentor*. Older than any of these, dating from the year of its discovery, is the River St. Lawrence, silver key to the vaults of Canadian history. Sixteenth-century maps that portray the geographical features of the New World indicate the existence of just one large river in the Western Hemisphere. They show with considerable accuracy the broad mouth of Cartier's river open to the Atlantic, and the main body of the stream penetrating into the interior. The same maps merely suggest the Mississippi and the Columbia by feeble lines that wind half an inch downward to vaguely defined estuaries. Since the time of Cartier and Champlain the St. Lawrence, chief highway of the northern half of the continent, has borne the burden of historical events in the vast region it drains, and has played a

THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER

master role in the poignant national dramas of French and British Canada.

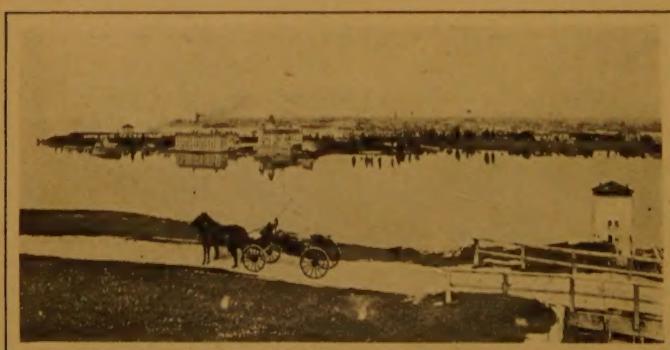
It was on the second voyage of Jacques Cartier to America, in 1535, that the bearded Breton piloted his vessels into "a large and beautiful bay full of islands and good channels and protected from any wind that blows." This bay, named by the captain the "Bay of St. Lawrence," indented the coast of Labrador, which bordered an immense arm of the sea reaching inland through the Straits of Belle Isle. Tradition, well substantiated, affirms the presence of ancient Iberian, Norse and Norman seafarers in the river nine or ten hundred years ago, in search of furs and fish. But Cartier's description of his voyage up the peerless stream, which afterwards acquired the name given to the little *Baye de Sainct Laurens*, was the first to be told in writing and attain authentic circulation. According to his own narrative, the Captain-general, gazing from the deck of his ship, asked of an Indian pilot, "What river is this?" and received the oracular reply, "A river without end." When he had sailed the broad highway for six hundred miles, or as far as Mount Royal, Cartier himself declared it "the greatest river it is possible to see."

Champlain, explorer and colonizer, took up the torch of Cartier after a lapse of sixty years; his canoe searched the wilderness as far as Lake Huron. It was fifteen years later that Nicolet reached the western shores of Lake Michigan, one of the great storage lakes of the St. Lawrence River system. Early geographers traced the source of the St. Lawrence to Lake Nipigon, which empties into Lake Superior through the Nipigon River, in Ontario. Others named as the fountain-head the St. Louis River, which enters Lake Superior near Duluth, Minnesota. The St. Lawrence proper emerges from the foot of Lake Ontario, where it immediately acquires the



JACQUES CARTIER

From a painting by Riss, in the Town Hall, St. Malo, France

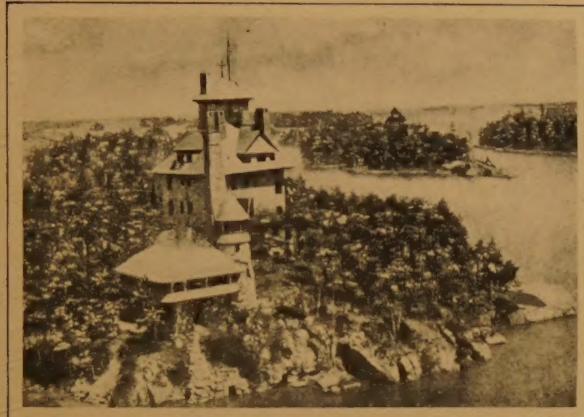


THE CITY OF KINGSTON, ONTARIO
At the gateway to the St. Lawrence

stature of a full-grown river and takes up the task of carrying the overflow of Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, Erie and Ontario to the Atlantic Ocean.

From Lake Ontario to the sea the river courses over seven hundred miles in a north-easterly direction. For

THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER



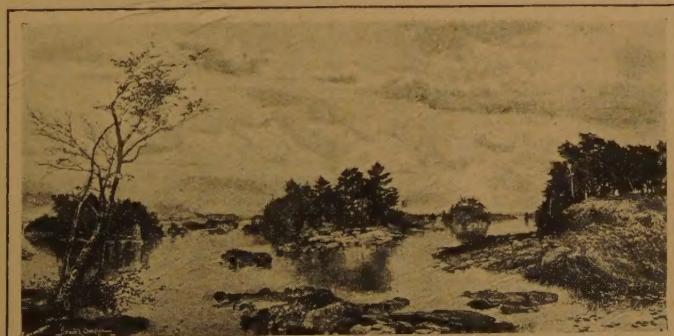
"CASTLE REST," THOUSAND ISLANDS

This villa, built by George M. Pullman, succeeded the unpretentious cottage in which President Grant and General Sherman were entertained in 1872

the first eighty-five miles of this distance it divides Canada from the United States—the Province of Ontario from the State of New York. For the rest of the way it belongs wholly to the Dominion, ribboning the Province of Quebec with a glistening strand that varies in width from one mile above Quebec City to ninety miles at the entrance to the Gulf. Anticosti Island marks the landward limit of the Gulf of St. Lawrence—that briny, treacherous, legend-bound orifice through which the river

reaches the ocean. A steamer leaving the far shore of Lake Superior travels twenty-two hundred miles on fresh water before it rides the Atlantic swell. The largest system of inland navigation in the world is made possible by a series of canals, several of which, with an approximate length of fifty miles, have been constructed around rapids on the St. Lawrence. The Welland Canal makes part of the St. Lawrence system between Lake Ontario and Lake Erie, and the Sault Ste. Marie Canal joins Lake Huron with Superior. The even tenor of the river's way is frequently interrupted in its upper reaches by cataracts over whose chaotic boulders the St. Lawrence descends two hundred and forty feet to the level of the sea. Fifteen-thousand-ton liners reach Montreal from the ocean by means of a channel that is improved for a hundred miles below the city and is said to be the best buoyed and lighted channel in the world.

The St. Lawrence is an uncommon watercourse, exceptional in source and career. Pouring out of the huge impounding reservoirs of the Great Lakes, and flowing seaward for hundreds of miles through a broad trough of remote geological origin, it drains a basin more than a half a million square miles in area. A little over a third of this area is in the United States and the rest in Canada. The river has but one constitutional fault: it freezes deep and wide in the winter-time, and



AMONG PLACID BYWAYS OF THE THOUSAND ISLANDS

THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER

in January and April it often overrides restraint and piles imposing but vastly inconvenient fortalices of ice on the banks below the wildest of the rapids. These "shoves," packing up on bridge piers and docks, formerly did great damage at Montreal, but are now controlled by revetments and guard piers. During seven months of the twelve, the river, forgetful of its winter pranks, moves with the stately mien of a dame of ancient lineage. Adorned with garland isles and rainbow waterfalls, crowned with purple summits, enriched with memories of vivid deeds, it bestows for half the year largess of greenery and harvest, and receives with queenly air the tribute of minion rivers that attend on either hand.

The Lure of the River

There are several roads open to those that turn to the St. Lawrence in quest of the romantic and the beautiful. Travelers often elect to go from Buffalo and Niagara Falls to Toronto, chief city of Ontario, and continue their voyage "from Niagara to the sea," by steamer across Lake Ontario. To ride the crystal river from Ontario to the Gulf is to unlock the caskets of history; to sail its lakes and limpid bays; to plunge with its descending flood through rock-harried rapids; to glide past level fairways at the river-edge, or invade the mountainous vales of tributaries is to share with explorer and *voyageur* the joy of discovery. The sky that roofed the river's pioneers reflects its blue in the clear well of the stream, and bordering trees weave shadowy patterns on the glassy sheet, as in days of long ago before these shores gave foothold to busy marts and tiny hamlets, crowned by soaring steeples.

Almost continuously from the time of La Salle and Frontenac, there has been a military station at the meeting-place of Lake Ontario, the St. Lawrence and the River Cataraqui. The city of Kingston, founded on this site, was sponsored by British loyalists who forsook the United States for Canada after the American Revolution. Among the fortified positions of the Dominion, it is second only to Quebec, and assumes added importance because of the location here of the Royal Military College, Canada's West Point. As a city, Kingston has many admirable traits that are evident even to the passerby. The Rideau Canal, along the Cataraqui and Rideau Rivers, forms a 126-mile link between Kingston and Ottawa, the Dominion capital, and provides a roundabout way to Montreal, via the Ottawa River.



SUMMER JOYS ON THE RIVER'S BANKS



A CANOE PARTY SHOOTING LACHINE RAPIDS

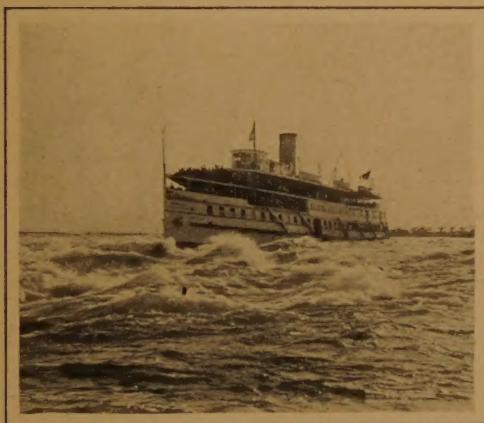
Guided by Indian boatmen

THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER

Islands and Rapids

On the American side, the entrance to the St. Lawrence is marked by Cape Vincent, where, a century ago, a group of Napoleon's disappointed followers established a colony that numbered among its members a brother of the banished Corsican. The colonists found this location 'twixt lake and river so inviting that they dreamed of bringing their fallen monarch here from St. Helena. If Napoleon had come to live on this fair shore he would doubtless have found, as did his brother, most excellent diversion in fishing the teeming waters, and would have spent many a tranquil day of exile in the summer playground beyond the green banks of Wolfe Island, where lies the paradise named by pioneer soldiers of France, "The Thousand Islands."

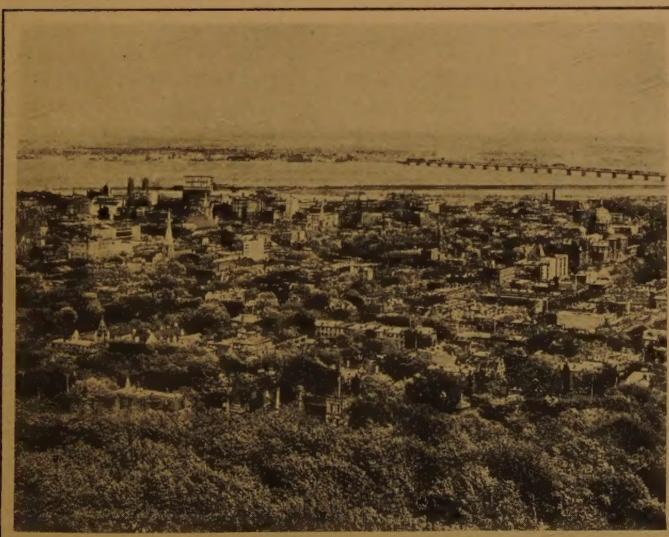
When Nature was carving out the basin now filled by the St. Lawrence and its tributary waters, a range of granite heights joined the shores at the foot of Lake Ontario. These drowned peaks, rearing their turrets above the surface of the river, formed scores of rocky islands. Some of them have a broad flat crest, others rise crag-like to wooded summits. There are smaller islands that resemble plush buttons tufting a bright green spread. Whatever the size or shape, all the islands of the community are trimmed in Nature's best style, with emerald coves, trees and shimmering grasses.



THE RAPIDS KING
Breasting a turbulent stretch of water

Wolfe Island is a big brother island to the group that throngs Alexandria Bay. Carleton Island, also at the channel entrance, figured as a place of council and defense in the annals of Indian, British and American wars. Wellesley Island, opposite Alexandria Bay on the

American side of the line embraces a sizeable and most exquisite lake—a lake within a river, celebrated in primitive lore, extolled by poets. Visitors who stop on the mainland find luxurious quarters in the town of Alexandria Bay—named by an idealist who came overseas after the French Revolution, hoping to promote an Acadia here for his countrymen. Not all of the 1692 islands are inhabited. Some are as wild as when the canoes of aboriginal war parties disturbed the Elysian waters. But nearly all serve as foundation for villa, hotel, bungalow or tent.



MONTREAL, THE RIVER, AND VICTORIA JUBILEE BRIDGE FROM MOUNT ROYAL

THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER

At Brockville we reach the eastern bounds of the world-famous archipelago. Now, down-river craft forsake the placid, oft-times over-civilized haunts of the Two Thousand Isles for scenes of rugged appeal. Prescott, Ontario, and Ogdensburg, New York, are international gateposts at the entrance to a river race-track that, with certain serene interludes, extends as far as Montreal. Passengers from the west are transferred at Prescott to steamers especially built to resist the buffeting of mad-cap rapids. A few miles below, at the Galops and again at the Rapids du Plat, the river begins an agitated descent. But these are only preliminary canters to prepare us for the pulse-quickenning adventure of shooting the Long Sault Rapids, where the island-riven current is lashed into a very frenzy of whirling billows. The climax of excitement comes at the Cellar cascade, where the downward jolt is frankly disturbing. "Descending rapids is magnificent," someone has said, "but it is not pleasure." The Cornwall Canal with six locks is used by steamers ascending the stream beside the restless eddies of "white water." Beyond Cornwall Island, the river hurries out of United States bounds into an all-Canadian channel, and begins its course through the Province of Quebec. The international boundary line, spanning the river just north of the forty-fifth parallel, passes through the Indian village of St. Regis.

Islands and rapids the profligate St. Lawrence has shown us. In Lake St. Francis and Lake St. Louis it offers still another kind of river diversion. Lake St. Francis, an amplification of the stream twenty-five miles long, is an idyllic prelude to a fourth stretch of turbulent water, with a total descent of more than eighty feet. For a dozen miles the splendid Soulanges Canal runs beside the Coteau, the Cedar, the Split Rock and Cascade Rapids, on whose perilous stair more than one plucky ship has tripped to its doom.

Champlain, in his chronicles of river exploration, dwelt with enthusiasm on the beauties of the Lake of St. Louis, into which the St. Lawrence discharges

a broad, calmed flood. At the head of this expansion, the amber Ottawa comes in from the north to share the bed of the St. Lawrence. For miles the two rivers wend their way seaward with a clearly defined line of distinction between the blue-green and the brown.

A tradition as old as steam navigation on the St. Lawrence holds that Indian pilots shall

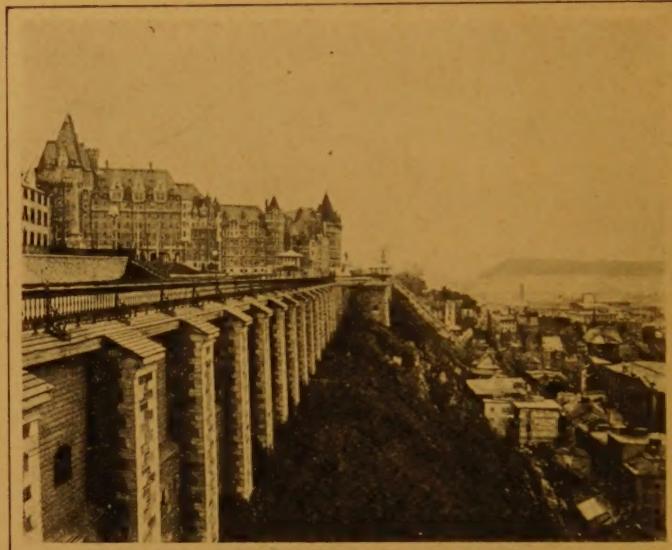
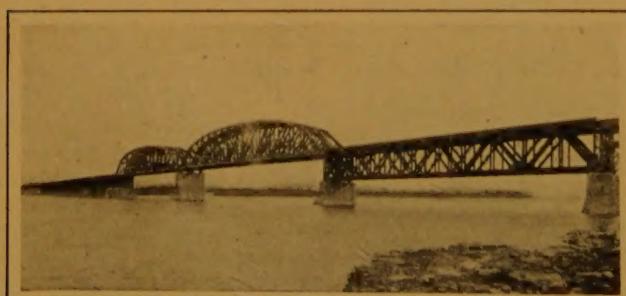


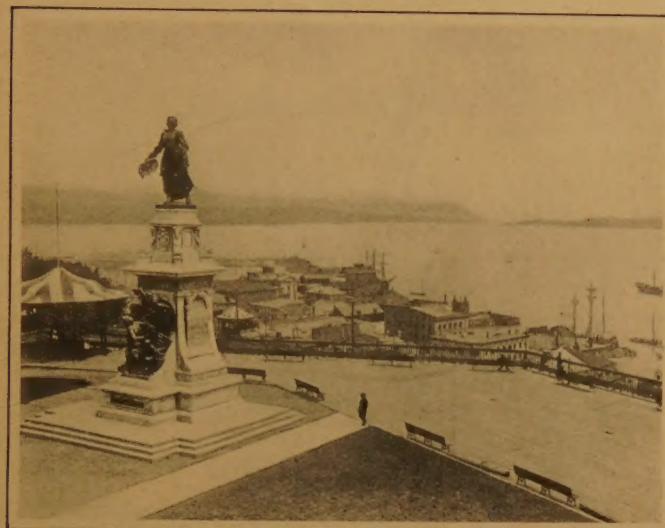
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HOTEL CHATEAU FRONTENAC AND DUFFERIN TERRACE, QUEBEC



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY BRIDGE, MONTREAL

THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER



STATUE OF SAMUEL CHAMPLAIN
Facing the Chateau Frontenac

take the helm when vessels run the last and most dangerous of the rapids—those that La Salle believed led “*à la Chine*”—toward China. Our helmsman comes aboard opposite the native village of Caughnawaga, which is joined to the very old town of Lachine by a long bridge—one of several that cross the St. Lawrence. With a trusty brown hand at the wheel and strong helpers near to give aid when needed, the steamer moves cautiously toward the “snowy breastwork” that lies just ahead. In a moment we are slipping, tilting over the brink, lurching down the river terrace at the rate of

twenty miles an hour. The staunch but supple prow twists through the jutted foam, avoiding the teeth of snarling rocks. Furious waves, “brawling away to the stern,” cast their spray into our peering faces. Then, of a sudden, the bed of the river caves in; as we sense the fall we wonder if this was the short route to China zealous explorers missed finding. . . . There is a misty island on our bow. We are plunging straight for it; a crash seems certain, but a lithe twist sends us clear of the savage vortex into a channel wide enough for the hull, with a margin to spare. We have left behind “the wild white horse of the St. Lawrence,” but the memory of its winged fury will stay with us as long as we recall anything about this spirited, lcisurely, bold and contrary River of St. Laurens.

From Montreal to Quebec

The Royal Mount ahead is the guardian of Canada’s metropolis. Below the summit, where smoke-browned tepees once claimed the shore, a proud and famous city stretches opulently on its island dais, summoning ships from the deep and scattering their tribute to the far corners of the Dominion. Here are buildings and sites endowed with stirring pasts, and cathedrals of fame, quaint markets, palatial homes. Previous to the year 1859 no bridge linked the shores of the St. Lawrence. In 1860 the Prince of Wales, later crowned King Edward Seventh, drove the last rivet in the Victoria Bridge at Montreal. Primarily, this great tubular structure, a mile and three-quarters long, and built at a cost of seven million dollars, carried railway tracks only. As traffic demands increased, the original tube was replaced by an open-work steel bridge and was widened forty feet, at an additional cost of two million dollars. When completed in 1898, it was rechristened the Victoria Jubilee Bridge.

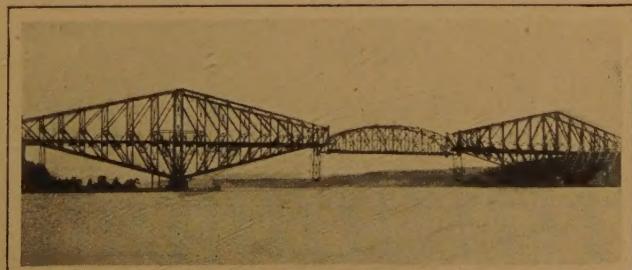


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BRIDGE ACROSS THE ST. LAWRENCE ABOVE QUEBEC

THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER

Past St. Helen's Isle, last rampart of French rule in Canada, the river speeds us; past Boucherville on the lower bank, where Father Marquette served as a missionary.

At Sorel we have entered the thirty-mile-long widening of the river called Lake St. Peter, and are at the junction of the St. Lawrence and the Richelieu River, outlet of Lake Champlain. Beyond the Lake of St. Peter, and close by the mouth of the St. Maurice, we call at Three Rivers, a prosperous settlement inhabited by the clannish, care-free, industrious descendants of early French settlers.

Across an inlet is Cap de la Madeleine, where for two centuries Our Lady of the Very Holy Rosary has been an object of pilgrimage and place of reported miracles. Beyond the mouth of the Chaudière, the St. Lawrence draws through a narrow trough extending from Cap Madeleine to the City of Quebec, and is narrower at Sillery Cove than anywhere else along its course. Seven miles above Quebec there is a great cantilever bridge with a central span 1,800 feet long. In August, 1907, the southern half of the superstructure fell, killing seventy-eight men and greatly delaying the completion of the bridge. Below the tall cliffs of Cap Rouge, Cartier raised, in 1541, the first buildings ever erected by white men in North America. Cap Rouge earned another page in history over two hundred years later, when young General Wolfe landed English troops on the river front and climbed the bluff to the Plains of Abraham to meet the brave Montcalm. Wolfe's strategy won the height above the smoke-veiled river, and ended French rule on the St. Lawrence.

The City of Quebec

"Come out," summoned a traveler, approaching with her companions the Rock of Quebec, "come out into the seventeenth century." On a cliff three hundred feet above the moving steamer lay a many-towered city, serene and full of years.

"Quebec, the gray old city on the hill
Lies with a golden glory on her head,
Dreaming throughout this hour so fair, so still,
Of other days and all her mighty dead."

Below the medieval ramparts of the citadel are old gates, shining domes, convent towers, the dark rifts of crooked streets, gabled roofs, and a broad terrace, overlooking the river, where figures pass to and fro, not hastily, but as if this were truly the seventeenth century, and Quebec, "the Brittany of Britain," were a fantasy, transported cliffs, turrets, walls and all, to the New World from old-time France. Even the great hotel on the rim of the bluff is Medieval-Renaissance in design, though its service, and charges, are frankly Twentieth-



A FRENCH CANADIAN FARMER AND HIS WIFE
The wayside Cross is a distinctive feature of these river-side communities

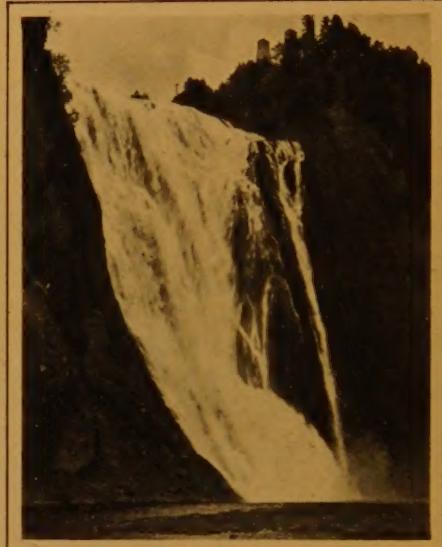


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THE FALLS OF THE MONTMORENCY RIVER
Below Quebec

THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER



AT MANOIR RICHELIEU, MURRAY BAY

rence stretches a white roadway for *caleche* and sleigh and becomes an outdoor skating-rink for all the merry, moccasined, furred and blanketed youth of the provincial capital. For five months the ice-glutted river brings no ocean craft to Quebec's piers; no filmy banners of smoke drift to the horizon, few sails raise their angular shapes against the blue.

There are hills and soaring capes on the north bank below Quebec that heighten the grandeur of the St. Lawrence. A deep and rocky recess holds "the din and avalanche of waters white of Montmorency leaping down the height." In a gorge half a mile distant from the St. Lawrence, the Montmorency River streams over a ledge two hundred and sixty-five feet above river level.

The Island of Orleans divides the expanding current of the river—the terraced, farm-patched isle that Cartier named for Bacchus, because he found its shores festooned with wild grape vines. On the mainland, facing the north channel, is the Mount of Ste. Anne, which lifts his head 2,700 feet above sea level and tops neighbor summits—Tourmente and Gribaune. The mountain has its name from the shrine at its base. Hundreds of thousands of pilgrims, during the past three hundred years, have followed the shores of the river to the village of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, there to

Century; just as Quebec's battlements, Middle-Century in outline, are among the most modern fortifications constructed for the defense of the British Empire. Every bastion, walk and rambling stair in the old quarters of Quebec is redolent of the venturesome years when New France was in the making, and New France was declining to its end. Life in the mellow city is reminiscent; it still savors of the days when the tricolor snapped in the river breezes from the staff above the citadel that is garrisoned now by British regulars. In the winter, when eaves wear a fringe of icicles and roofs are thatched with snow, the St. Law-



TADOUSSAC VILLAGE AND HOTEL

At the mouth of the Saguenay River

THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER



TADOUSAC BAY

pray in the most frequented miracle church in North America. Pyramids of crutches, canes and other supports testify to the belief of the worshipers in the miraculous properties of the wrist bone of the good St. Anne, which is the object of veneration. The village has a single street, uncertain in its direction, like most Lower River hamlets. But there resemblance ends. For Ste. Anne's thoroughfare is often thronged, especially on July twenty-sixth, the Saint's Day; its inns are large and garish, not low and white; and its shops are gay with souvenirs of pottery, metal and glass, and exceedingly alive to the opportunities afforded by the influx of zealots.



THE AWESOME ROCK OF CAPE TRINITY
On the Saguenay

The Lower Valley

The valley of the Lower St. Lawrence extends from Quebec to the outposts of the river. When French landlords took up holdings on the St. Lawrence, under grant from Louis XIV and his successors, their dependents demanded plots of land with river frontage, and, ever since, the farmer of French Canadian ancestry has faced his cottage toward the river, building beside it as lordly a barn as his purse permitted. Behind cottage and barn is a long strip of land—level on the south shore, sloping on the north shore, where the Laurentides throw out their mighty buttresses toward the river. This is why, for miles below Quebec, both banks are strung with white houses all in a row, with only the bulk of the parish church distinguishing one community from another. Visitors in these contented, self-sufficient little settlements find themselves among a people speaking the language of seventeenth and eighteenth-century France, and wearing garments "that harmonize well with wayside oratories and the sound of the spinning-wheel issuing from every door."

There are many villages on the Lower River—Bic, Matane, Kamouraska, Rimouski—where the French tongue is the one employed in daily converse. Facing Cartier's Hazelnut Isle, within the embrace of Mt. Eboulements (2,457 feet) and the beauteous Cape of the Eagle, there is a group of gracious little towns where Americans and English-speaking Canadians predominate, and Anglo-Saxon customs prevail. To St.

THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER

Irenée and Murray Bay—the *Malle Baie* of Champlain—summer visitors come year after year to enjoy the pleasures of river and hills. There is still another community of river-lovers at Tadousac, “the ancient village which nestles at the black jaws of the Saguenay, unafeard of all the majesty and mystery of the scene, of all the weird tales which centuries have woven around it,” of waters, which, as the fable runs, “no sounding line can fathom.”

Twenty miles across the river from Tadousac, on a rise above the spreading estuary, is Rivière du Loup (ree-vee-air doo loo). As a town, it divides its interest between enjoying water sports and making the most of its opportunities as a Provincial railway center. Farms, narrow villages and occasional resorts, among them the quaint Scotch town of Little Métis, border the south shore down to the joining of River and

Gulf. There, a hundred miles separate the banks of the out-reaching expanse of water which has no longer the aspect or temper of an inland stream. On the north shore there is desolation for the most part. Innumerable torrents come out of the unknown and cast their waters into the lap of the Mother of Rivers. Defiant headlands fling a challenge to passing ships. Deep bays and bristling crags preserve their elemental mystery. Beyond Anticosti Island, the foggy, island-impeded Gulf of St. Lawrence flows to the distant ocean through three passages that bathe the coasts of Labrador, Newfoundland, Cape Breton Island, and the peninsula of Nova Scotia.

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A FISHING VILLAGE ON THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE



CAP ROSIER, ON GASPÉ PENINSULA, NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE ST. LAWRENCE

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER

By G. W. Browne

FRENCH CANADA AND THE ST. LAWRENCE

By J. Castell Hopkins

*THE ST. LAWRENCE, ITS BASIN AND BORDER LANDS

By S. E. Dawson

* This volume is reported out of print, but can be obtained at libraries.

** Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.

THE OPEN LETTER



SUNSET ON THE ST. LAWRENCE

The moods of St. Lawrence are many and varied. The great stream does not come from a single source; it is an outflow, and its tributaries are both mighty and humble. The waters that flow from its mouth find their way there from distant springs and from rivers large and small. Its main head-waters roll in billows on the vast expanse of great lakes, tumble in huge volume over a mighty cataract, rush through foaming torrents and a dizzy whirlpool, and then, in a tranquil flow, envelop a thousand islands. They riot in the excitement of dashing rapids, and, finally, sweep into an ever-broadening course that leads on with growing beauty and majesty to the sea.

★ ★ ★

Thousands yearly seek the St. Lawrence for rest, recreation and sport, each choosing the spot on the great waterway that best suits his taste and inclinations. If you would know the river in the fullness of its attractions, begin at Niagara, as Howells did years ago, and follow the trip he pursued in "Their Wedding Journey" and "A Chance Acquaintance." If you do not read those two books of travel delight at Niagara, you will before you finish your trip, for you will find them facing you on every newsstand in the Thousand Islands, Montreal and Quebec, and on the river boats.

★ ★ ★

What are the offerings of St. Lawrence? Do you want peace, quiet and the serene beauty of gentle, flowing waters and lovely, verdant woodlands? Go to the Thousand Islands and stay—rest there

and invite your soul, and you will find full satisfaction. Do you want a water trip, with excitement and the stir of a busy, important city? Shoot the rapids and land at Montreal; linger there a day or two; go up Mount Royal for a rare, fine view of city, land and water; then take the night boat to quaint old French Quebec, set high upon the bluffs above the river. There settle down into a historic mood for a time and review the past of Canada—the French settlers, the period of wars, the story of Wolfe and Montcalm, and, finally, the years of safe and wise British administration of that conservative old province. Ride out to the Plains of Abraham and across the Valley through the long, narrow village of Beauport to the Falls of Montmorency. Take the train to Ste. Anne de Beaupré on the Saint's birthday, July 26th, and watch the pilgrims gather at the sacred shrine. Then give three full, happy days to the Saguenay trip, stopping at Tadousac, then on to Chicoutimi and return. From the steamer deck gaze on the beetling cliffs and frowning heights of Capes Trinity and Eternity, and speculate on the strange depths of the black river beneath you, that no man has fathomed and no man explained. It will be an experience ever memorable in your life.

★ ★ ★

With a wealth of attractions to offer, St. Lawrence invites you to come again, and seek its shores another year. If you can I am sure you will—as I have more than once.

W. S. Moffat
EDITOR

COLUMBUS was making friends with the rulers of Spain and preparing for his first journey to the New World, when, in St. Malo, on the coast of Brittany, France, a child was born named Jacques Cartier. When the boy grew up he became, like most of his fellow townsmen, a mariner. North and south he sailed the

Atlantic; some say he made a voyage as far as Brazil. When he was about forty years old he was seized with an ambition to find for his king new lands on the Western Hemisphere and a short route to the mystical Orient. The two Cabots, father and son, and Verrazano, the Italian, had already explored the Atlantic seaboard. Cartier knew something of that far coast, and he assumed that the opening at Belle Isle Straits, between Labrador and Newfoundland, led away to a realm of blazing riches. In the spring of the year 1534 he received a commission from Francis I to sail on a momentous mission.

Most of Cartier's first voyage to America was consumed in exploring numerous islands off the coast of Newfoundland, Labrador, and that part of the mainland of Canada which reaches a great thumb into the Gulf below the mouth of the River St. Lawrence, and is called Gaspé Peninsula. Cartier landed at Cape Gaspé, and, raising a cross bearing the *fleur de lys*, established the claim of France to the great area called "New France." After a scouting voyage lasting four months, he returned to France and immediately made plans for a second expedition, which was begun in May, 1535, with three vessels under his command—the *Grande Hermine*, the *Petite Hermine* and the *Emerillon*, all manned by Breton sailors. Cartier's lure was that shining expanse of water that he had glimpsed beyond the sprawling island of Anticosti, at the inner portal of the Gulf. He wished "to complete the navigation of the lands which he had commenced to discover."

On the tenth day of August the doughty little fleet entered an inlet on the rude coast of Labrador. The commander called it "*Baye Sainct Laurens*" for the saint to whom that day was dedicated in the Church calendar. In later years, no one seems to know for what reason, this name spread to the Gulf and attached itself to the imposing river that drew away to the interior of the huge tract of which Cartier was the discoverer.

Two Indians whom the Captain-general had taken back to France on his previous voyage explained landmarks on the shores of the river as they ascended in the *Grande Hermine*. The red men pointed out the entrance to the dark kingdom of the Saguenay, and told of two other kingdoms to the westward, "Canada," and "Hoch-

laga." Cartier's own "*Bref Récit*," published in Paris in 1545, relates details of the remarkable ceremony that celebrated the arrival of the ships off the shores of "Canada." Before he claimed the promise of the natives to show him the way to Hochelaga, Cartier went in search of a shelter for his ships and found a most delectable basin—the present harbor of Quebec. The winter was passed on the banks of the St. Charles River, within the protection of an improvised fort.

The assemblage of huts which the Indians called "Stadacona"—chief place in the kingdom of Canada, was near Cartier's winter station. West of the village the river ran an almost straight course between inviting banks. In the warm haze of late September the Frenchmen followed the strange, beautiful high-road, and after a fortnight's sailing and paddling came to the Indian village in the kingdom of Hochelaga. The white men were treated as beings of a super-race and received with dancing and festal fires. Above the settlement where bonfires flamed and weird processions filed there towered a green-clad eminence, which Cartier and his companions made haste to climb. From the summit they gazed toward the West—kingdom of their hopes; they surveyed the blue river, and the bluer hills that rose in ever-increasing height toward the north; and looked afar to the Adirondacks and the Green Mountains that sentinel the land to the south. In his enthusiasm for the inspiring vista, Cartier named his point of vantage, "*Mont Real*" (Royal Mountain), and thus unknowingly christened the city that was to rise at its base.

When winter's grip released the river, Cartier's three ships sailed down the St. Lawrence and back to France, where his reports of the wondrous waterway and the savage peoples on its banks were received with only passing interest. Five years later he again visited the dusky settlements on the St. Lawrence.

"In his profession," declares a historian of the St. Lawrence Valley, "Cartier may be easily counted in the front rank. Compared with Columbus, the Breton captain was inferior in education, learning and intellectual power. But he was as brave, and possessed greater ability as a commander of men." The discoverer of the St. Lawrence died at his manor-house near St. Malo in September, 1557.



PERCÉ VILLAGE AND ROCK, GASPÉ PENINSULA, GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE

IN the wake of Cartier, French traders crossed the sea to bargain for furs at the primitive market held by the Indians in the spring-time near the junction of the St. Lawrence with the River Saguenay. There were French and Spanish fishermen, too, in the St. Lawrence, who were guided by Cartier's careful charts and maps. But

there were no enduring white settlements on the shores until the coming of the Biscayan founder of Canada.

Samuel de Champlain's father, a captain by profession, bequeathed to his son a passion for the sea. Born in the year 1567 in a village on the stormy Bay of Biscay, the sailor lad grew to be an explorer of renown, the father of a city, the friend of kings. Henry IV of France chose him as pilot for an expedition organized in 1603 by the shrewd sailor-merchant, Pont-Gravé. Their object was to determine favorable sites for settlement on the River St. Lawrence, and to penetrate the valley beyond the point reached by the Breton discoverer. Champlain held a vision of a French colony that should control the pathway to the beckoning Orient.

Arriving at Tadousac in May, 1603, Champlain's first enterprise was to explore the water-filled chasm of the Saguenay and make inquiries of the Indians concerning the country about Chicoutimi, at the head of navigation. When he returned to the mother-stream, he and his associate coursed along its banks, recorded the appearance of a lofty waterfall, which he named for the renowned Admiral Montmorenci, and came to the place where the village of Stadacona had been. Not a vestige of the Huron-Iroquois settlement of Cartier's time remained. Moreover, the Algonquin Indians had given a new name to the site—Quebec—which signified in their language "a narrow run of water." Champlain continued beyond Mont Royal, took note of advantageous locations for trading-stations, and, returning down river, examined the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and visited many lakes and bays to the south.

It was in 1608 that the heroic explorer, map-maker and builder undertook a trading expedition to the St. Lawrence and chose, as the key site to the interior, a place beside the narrow run of water beneath a steep battlement of cliffs. Visitors to Quebec are shown the site of Champlain's first dwelling, which is now occupied by the Church of Our Lady of Victories in the lower part of the mother of cities. As the representatives of Norman merchants, Champlain and his associate, De Monts, strengthened their relations with the Indians, bought their furs, and made long journeys into the wilderness that reached away from the river, always with the motive of learning the true nature of

the land that it was proposed to colonize for France. A few hopeful adventurers were already housed in the neighborhood of Quebec.

At the solicitation of Champlain, four Recollet friars crossed the ocean as missionaries to the natives. The later years of his life were wholly given to founding an industrial colony at Quebec. In 1622 there were fifty men, women and children in the riverside settlement; a dozen years later the number had doubled. Champlain was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of New France. He built a fort and a chateau on the brow of the cliff above the scattered houses, and the missionaries erected religious buildings. By the founder's side, during his labors among Indians and traders, and in conflict with envious enemies, was the beautiful girl-wife whose name is perpetuated in the Island of St. Helen, near Montreal. In 1629 Quebec was captured by the English, and Champlain was sent to England as a prisoner of war. When the colony was restored to France, the devoted leader returned to the capital of New France, and there he died among those that loved him, on Christmas Day, 1635.

Other gallant Frenchmen carried on the work of Champlain and supplemented his explorations by excursions into the territory of the Great Lakes. But of all the pioneers of the North American forests, in the phrase of Parkman, "it was he who struck the deepest and boldest strokes into the heart of their pristine barbarism." "As an administrator, only Frontenac and Montcalm, in a long line of royal appointments, could reach his standard of ability and devotion."

Ship-building, fishing and agriculture furnished a means of existence for the increasing population of Quebec. Montreal, founded by Maisonneuve in 1642, became a flourishing colony under capable administration. Liberal grants were made to "seigneurs" of the king, on condition that they and their dependents should inhabit the country adjacent to the river.

During the reign of Louis XIV, many vessels sailed from Norman and Breton ports carrying hundreds of young women, who became the mothers of French Canada. The descendants of *seigneur* and peasant dwell in the communities that border the lower St. Lawrence, and carry on their traditions and old-world customs on the banks of the great highway.



QUEBEC ON THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE, FOUNDED BY CHAMPLAIN, 1608

LINTO the silver basin of the St. Lawrence pour innumerable streams that give access to the farthest limits of eastern Canada. The principal tributaries are the Ottawa, the St. Maurice, the Saguenay and the Richelieu, all of which help to bear the burden of the traffic that passes through the St. Lawrence River Valley.

For more than three centuries the main highway has borne at different epochs of Canadian civilization the canoes of explorer and *voyageur*, trapper and priest, the sailing vessel of the colonist, the frigates of invading and defending fleets, merchant ships of river, lake and ocean, and swift white tourist steamers seeking the allurements of the majestic river. As a high-road, the St. Lawrence has special importance because of the direction of its course. Flowing transversely, it meets rivers with a north and south direction that offer a great number of serviceable outlets.

The first travelers to use the St. Lawrence as a water-road, after the earliest explorers, were the French traders that came across the sea in search of the furry treasure brought down to river marts by the Indians of the north country. On their heels, missionaries arrived to minister to the redskins' souls. Sometimes their ministry was so little prized that the objects of their solicitude seized the friars in their canoes and cast them into boiling rapids. Nevertheless, the good Fathers persisted in their zealous journeys up and down the river, ignoring these brusque discouragements.

When Champlain realized that he must die without having fulfilled the dream of his life—to find a route to China and the East Indies by way of the St. Lawrence—he besought Jean Nicolet to take up the quest. So, in July, 1634, this high-spirited son of Normandy left Quebec with the fixed purpose of seeking the fabled path to the western sea, of which the Indians had well established traditions. Nicolet's little bark braved the river rapids and the broad lakes of the St. Lawrence basin, and after many days nosed through the Strait of Michilimackinac into Lake Michigan. When he reached the portage that led to the Wisconsin River, he believed he was within three days of the sea, because he heard the Algonquins talk of the "great water" beyond, and did not know that this was their name for the Mississippi. The enterprising Frenchman failed to find a way to China, but he was the first to reach the western limits of the St. Lawrence basin.

Following a protracted period when inter-tribal wars interrupted river communication, the names of Groseillers and Radisson appeared in the chronicles of the highway. In their time it was confidently believed that the Orient was but a few days' journey beyond Lake Superior, by way of the "Bay of the North" (Hudson's Bay). Father Marquette, the beloved

missionary, and Joliet, the Canadian-born adventurer, paddled up the St. Lawrence on their way to seek the Mississippi. La Salle also began his voyage of discovery on the noble stream, which, with its lake expansions, reaches to the heart of the continent.

The St. Lawrence was the route by which the French traveled into the interior; French influence quickly spread over a great region, as far as the Mississippi's mouth. The river was responsible for the fact that French Canada was settled many years before some of the oldest American cities came into being. Quebec antedates Boston by more than twenty years; Green Bay, Wisconsin, was founded before Philadelphia.

The river served not only explorers, traders and colonists, but invaders, whose motive was conquest. Admiral Kirke besieged Quebec in 1629. Bluff Sir William Phipps, in command of thirty ships, sailed up from New England in 1693 and down the St. Lawrence to demand the surrender of the capital of New France. General Wolfe brought his fleet to anchor before Quebec in the summer of 1759 and plotted from his river camp the downfall of the coveted realm. General Montgomery and Benedict Arnold ferried their troops across the St. Lawrence in the memorable winter of 1775 during the Colonial invasion of Canada; and Admiral Hovenden's ships found anchor in the troubled river in 1811.

The prosperity of eastern Canada is largely influenced by the accessibility of its inland cities from the sea, via the St. Lawrence. For seven months of the year the largest ships can pass up the river to Montreal, at the head of ocean navigation, six hundred miles from the Atlantic. The eastward trend of the river toward European ports renders it of vastly greater importance as a commercial route than if it flowed, like the Mississippi, away from the direction of Europe. But its northward trend is of the utmost disadvantage in winter, as ice floes grip the stream and close the route from November until the spring thaw.

In the open season the St. Lawrence is alive with restless craft varying in kind and mission from the schooners of French Canadian fishermen to the excursion steamers that unite Toronto with settlements on the Saguenay, and from scurrying motor-boats to the deep-draught ocean vessels that link United States and Canadian ports with those of the Old Country.

RUNNING THE LONG SAULT RAPIDS, ON THE UPPER REACHES OF THE ST. LAWRENCE



THERE is magic in the Thousand Islands. They cast a lasting spell over everyone that threads their mirror-like channels and inhabits their tree-fringed rocks.

It is an old saying that no one ever passes a summer here without returning to renew the enchantment. Champlain, discoverer of the archipelago in 1615, exclaimed that

this was fairyland, when for the first time his canoe was caught in the verdant maze. The French gave the name to the group—*Milles Isles*—Thousand Islands. In one of the picture galleries at Versailles there is a notable canvas extolling their super-charms.

The Indians called this labyrinth of rock and tree and sparkling water, "Garden of the Great Spirit." To their primitive minds there was lacking here no element that made for complete happiness. All of peace and joy that an infinite being might ask was to be found among the submerged hill-tops that geologists tell us form the Thousand Islands. Beginning at Kingston, ending at Brockville, through a section of the St. Lawrence extending for fifty miles east of the outlet of Lake Ontario, the river is sown with islands of multitudinous sizes and shapes. According to official count, 1,692 islands and islets adorn a channel varying in width from four to seven miles. No other river in the world presents so prodigal an array.

Fifty years ago William Dean Howells made a journey down the St. Lawrence. In passing among the Thousand Islands he found "almost nothing to show that the foot of man had ever pressed the thin green grass clinging to their rocky surfaces." It was but a short time later that architects and builders invaded the wilderness realm, and rich men's homes arose on some of the larger islands. The first person of prominence to purchase an island site was Mr. George Pullman of Chicago. At his summer home he entertained in 1872 a distinguished party, which included President Grant and his family and General Sherman. This visit attracted the attention of the United States and Canada to the myriad delights of the Thousand Islands as a summer resort. The region had previously been known to sportsmen as a haunt of gamey black bass, pickerel and muskallonge. But now hotels and homes appeared on picturesque islands and the New World Venice became a goal of fashion in the balmy season.

Alexandria Bay, on the American side of the St. Lawrence, has an international reputation as a resort of the well-to-do. Within a radius of a few miles islands are scattered by the hundred. The Canadian shore lies three or four miles across the channel of the river, which glides among islands great and small "like the good Patriarch visiting his domains, or like the god Proteus counting his snowy flocks."

Steamers, yachts, motor-boats, sail-boats, house-boats, canoes, row-boats move to

and fro along passageways where the water is so clear that great fish may be seen swimming twenty feet below the surface. Exquisite little mounds of green-belted granite serve as pedestals for luxurious homes and camps that are often embellished by rustic bridges, ornate piers and boathouses. Larger islands are given over to summer-schools and denominational colonies, to congenial cottage groups, and to hotels surrounded by pleasant parks. At night, gay colored lights spangle the island gardens, and flitting craft be-jewel the winding water paths.

A tour of forty miles from chief tourist centers includes the American town of Clayton, Gananoque, a busy Canadian community, and all the important "sights" of the island kingdom. The islands of greatest area are Wellesley, Grenadier, Hill, Grindstone, Howe and Wolfe. Wellesley Island, opposite Alexandria Bay, has at its heart the enchanting Lake of the Isles. On the same island is the most populous community in the group—Thousand Island Park, with hundreds of cottages and a large hotel. In the vicinity of Alexandria Bay is the one-time home of Dr. J. G. Holland. Here he did much of his writing. The elaborate estate of the late George C. Boldt, of New York is one of the private islands that attracts admiring notice, but there are dozens of others that equal or approach it in luxury.

Across the international boundary, which was definitely determined in 1822, there is an extraordinary profusion of islands that offer less of fashion and more of wildwood joys—camping, fishing, hunting, canoeing. The American Canoe Association recently purchased Sugar Island, where the annual camp and races are held. Off the Canadian shore is the loveliest assemblage of islands in the entire archipelago—the Stave Island Group. Here are islets so thickly strewn that they are divided by circuitous little byways navigable only by light-draught boats. "Lost Channel" recalls an incident in the French and English War (1755-1760), when these intricate Canadian waterways brought disaster on an English naval force.

Many of the seventeen hundred islands tell tales of Indian and border conflicts. Devil's Oven, the island from which the accompanying picture was photographed, contains a cave deep enough to shelter a row-boat. In the Patriot War of 1837 it was the hiding-place of reckless Bill Johnston, whose exploits make lively reading in the history of the Canadian Rebellion.



IN the River Saguenay, entombed for a hundred miles within forbidding walls that frequently rise to the height of mountains, writers of imagination have ever found a rich field for description. Bayard Taylor called the Saguenay not properly a river but "a tremendous chasm cleft for sixty miles through the heart of a mountain wilderness." For him, no magical illusions of atmosphere enwrapped the scenery of this northern river. "Everything is hard, naked, stern, silent. Dark-gray cliffs of granitic gneiss rise from the pitch-black waters; firs of gloomy green are rooted in their crevices and fringe their summits; loftier ranges of a dull indigo blue show themselves in the background, and over all bends a pale, cold, northern sky. . . . Shores that seemed roughly piled together out of the fragments of chaos overhung us—great masses of rock gleaming duskily through their drapery of evergreens."

The year preceding the outbreak of the Great War, Rupert Brooke, the gifted young poet who later gave his life for his beloved England, made a journey on the St. Lawrence. At Quebec he took steamer for Tadousac, at the mouth of the Saguenay, and the profound, ice-carved inlet that leads to Chicoutimi and Lake St. John. The St. Lawrence opposite Tadousac has low shores and is twenty miles wide. Beyond the gate to the Saguenay the poet found a gorge "inky and sinister, like some Stygian image of Dante." Halfway up the river between Tadousac and Chicoutimi stands the sheer rock of Cape Trinity, climbing from the water-edge in three steps, each more than five hundred feet high. "Springing from the black water, it stretches upward with a weary, effort-like aspect, in long impulses of stone, till, fifteen hundred feet in the air, its vast brow beetles forward and frowns with a scattering fringe of pines. . . . It is wholly grim and stern; no touch of beauty relieves the austere majesty of that presence. Cape Eternity is yet loftier than the sister cliff, but it slopes gently backward from the stream, and from foot to crest is heavily clothed with a forest of pines setting their serried stems one rank above another, till the summit is crowned with the mass of their dark green plumes, dense and soft and beauti-

ful; so that the spirit perturbed by the spectacle of the other cliff is calmed and assuaged by the severe grandeur of this."

Cape Trinity and Cape Eternity shut in the river on the south side, and are separated by a deep cove. On the second step of Trinity's awesome stair stands a figure of the Virgin—a benign symbol in the midst of haunting melancholy.

Travelers find it agreeable to stay at Tadousac, where there is a large summer hotel, with golf links adjoining the nestling village, and a trout-fishing camp a short distance away by road. The steamer for Chicoutimi continues its trip from Quebec at night and returns to Tadousac the next morning. Sportsmen bent on filling their fishing baskets proceed sixty miles by rail from Chicoutimi to Roberval, on renowned Lake St. John, source of the Saguenay.

On the way from Chicoutimi down river, the steamer calls at the secluded village of St. Alphonse, on a narrow river-arm with the jovial name of Ha! Ha! Bay. For the last fifty miles of the course the stream is from one to two and a half miles wide. The barren slopes show lines of glacial striations that indicate the movement of glaciers down the chasm, in ages past.

The name Chicoutimi means in native dialect, "Up to here it is deep." The depth of the Saguenay is one of the reasons for its unique reputation among the scenic rivers of the world. The bed is one hundred fathoms (six hundred feet) lower than that of the St. Lawrence. "The awful majesty of its unbroken shores, the profound depth of its waters, the absence of life for many leagues of distance,"—these are the features of the Saguenay trip that impress—and depress us. In the words of an English journalist, it is "a cold, savage, inhuman river, fit to take rank with Styx and Acheron"; but it has a beauty, withal, that seizes us and will not be forgotten.

CAPE TRINITY AND CAPE ETERNITY ON THE RIVER SAGUENAY



THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER

The River in Legend and Story

SIX

LNNUMERABLE superstitions of French-Canadian country folk are associated with the broad river that flows past their doors. Mysterious lights floating above the water are believed to be the fluttering wraiths of evil spirits that lure the unwary to destruction. The Island of Orleans, below Quebec, is one of the many river

places that peasant legend has wreathed in mystery. At night, when will-o'-the-wisps light the meadows, fancy's eye sees in them the flame of tortured souls assembled to hold "the witches' sabbath."

A Canadian romancer, Philippe de Gaspé, set down in his "*Anciens Canadiens*" a galaxy of tales reflecting the folklore of St. Lawrence River towns. Another portrayer of river life, the well-known writer, Abbé Casgrain, filled a volume with legends dear to the *habitant*. The mystical Saguenay and the Tadousac region are invested with scores of legends. A Tadousac fable that has survived for generations inspired the remarkable story, "The Doom of the Mamelons," by W. H. H. Murray.

Above the entrance to the Quebec Post Office is a crudely carved bas-relief that has been the source of conjecture for years, and the inspiration of several volumes by Canadian *littérateurs*. Long ago, when Quebec was only a third as old as it is now, there lived on the Post Office site a prosperous merchant, Nicolas Philibert. When his mansion was torn down, the enigmatical tablet, depicting a dog with a bone between its jaws, was removed and placed on the façade of the new building. Above the crouching dog are four lines inscribed in golden letters:

I am a dog gnawing a bone.
While gnawing it I take my rest.
A time will come, not yet arrived,
When I will bite those that have bitten me.

The threatening lines are presumed to reflect the desire for revenge that arose in the breast of the Philibert family against a colonel named Repentigny who, repulsed at the rich merchant's threshold, drew his sword and killed the owner of the house. As the author of "The Golden Dog," William Kirby, an Ontario novelist, has acquired fame for his characterization of vigorous types familiar in New France in the middle of the eighteenth century. Many scenes in this absorbing tale take place in view of the St. Lawrence, or in the shadow of "the bold, dark crests of the Laurentides, lifting their bare summits far away along the course of the ancient river."

Sir Gilbert Parker's "Seats of the Mighty" tells the story of stirring events on the river in the days of Wolfe and Montcalm and the Marquis de Vaudreuil.

When the Irish balladist, Thomas Moore, was a young man he sailed up the

Hudson, visited Niagara, and dreamed awhile among the Thousand Islands. While sojourning on the river in 1804, he heard the "delicate rhythm" of a chant sung by passing oarsmen, and was moved to write the "Canadian Boat Song," which immediately came into favor and has ever since retained its popularity.

Painfully as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on the shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

St. Ann is a historic village on the southwest shore of the Island of Montreal, near the foaming China Rapids.

A poet of our day, Dr. Drummond of Montreal, has an established place in Canadian literature as the author of poems that interpret the sentiment of the *habitant*, who, living contentedly by the St. Lawrence's stream, sings:

"So I'm workin' away dere, an' happy for stay dere,
On farm by de reever, so long as I was leev."

When Charles Dickens visited the United States in 1842, he sufficiently relented in his criticism of things American to write of the St. Lawrence: "The beauty of this noble stream at almost any point, but especially at the commencement of the journey, where it winds its way among the Thousand Islands, can hardly be imagined. The number and constant succession of the islands, all green and richly wooded, form a picture fraught with an uncommon interest and pleasure." ("American Sketches.")

Most famous of the American novels that have their locale on the St. Lawrence is James Fenimore Cooper's masterpiece, "The Pathfinder." The climax of the story is enacted on "Station Island," one of the Admiralty Group of the Thousand Islands, hidden among "passes so narrow that there appeared to be barely room sufficient for the Scud's spars to clear the trees."

William Dean Howells proclaimed the beauties of the St. Lawrence in "Their Wedding Journey" and "The Chance Acquaintance." In the first-named tale, the newly-married Mr. and Mrs. March take a honeymoon voyage on the river, in which they see a resemblance to the Mississippi. "The same sentiment of early adventure hangs about each: the same gay, devout and dauntless race has touched them both with immortal romance."



VIEW ON THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE, LOOKING FROM ST. IRENEE TOWARD CAP À L'ANGLE

The French Pathway to a Continent



If the French sailors seeking new, unknown lands in far Cathay, or the French explorers planting roots in the soil of a vast new continent, had deliberately sought the most splendid setting in the world for dominion and settlement they could have found none greater than that of New France as it slowly grew around and beyond Quebec with the St. Lawrence at its feet. Cartier and Champlain and De Roberval, and the stream of French *voyageurs* and trappers, gentlemen and peasants, who traversed the waters of the great river in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, saw no such scene as would be witnessed today with all its familiar sights and accompaniments of civilization and commerce. The greatness and the gloom, the grandeur and the grace, the sternness and the silence of the majestic river were as nature had produced them.

There were the long miles of lofty cliffs surmounted by dark forests which echoed from time to time the wail of the wolf or the war-song of the savage; there was the varied scenery at the mouths of other great rivers as they poured from unknown inland reservoirs into the St. Lawrence.

Gradually, as exploration and adventure, war and settlement, trade and mission effort impressed themselves upon this land of mountain, forest and wilderness which lay on either side of the St. Lawrence, knowledge of its geographical and physical features came in limited form to the rulers and pioneers at Quebec and Montreal. It is, however, doubtful if they ever knew, with any exactness, the details which are possessed today. They would have deemed it impossible that the five great inland seas of which they caught glimpses or the shores they partially explored from birch-bark canoes, could have a total area of 94,660 square miles; that the vast waterway up which their tiny ships first sailed could traverse, from the western end of Lake Superior to the Gulf as it widened into the ocean, a distance of 2,384 miles; that the lesser rivers opening into the greater one could drain various lakes immense in themselves, though small in comparison with the St. Lawrence system. . . . To realize that the immense system of waterways which they were tentatively exploring contained more than one-half the fresh water in the world; to think of the Great Lakes as a Mediterranean Sea set in the midst of a continent with shores skirted only by parties of wandering Indians; to understand that all these vast bodies of water were united and were really parts of one river rising in a little many-named stream which fell into Lake Superior; to see into the dim future and find the St. Lawrence proving to a greater Canada what the Nile was to ancient Egypt; to dream of it as crowded with river, lake and ocean steamers carrying supplies for many millions of people and bearing on its bosom a tonnage of commerce greater than that of the equally far-off Suez Canal, would have been, indeed, to possess the qualities of a prophet greater than those of the birth-time of Christianity.

From "French Canada and the St. Lawrence" by J. Castell Hopkins.

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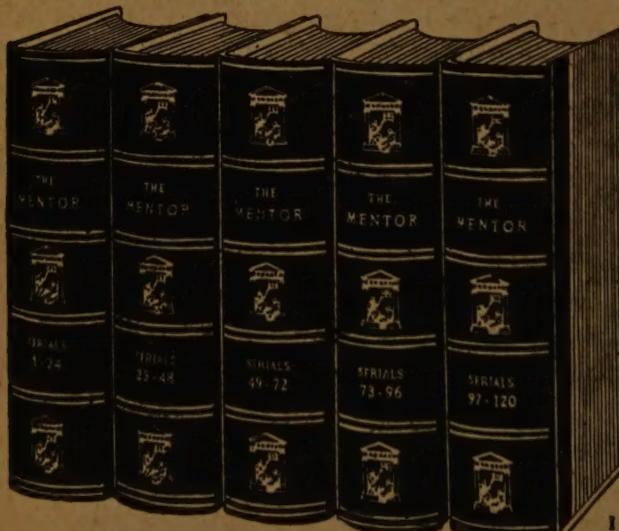
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